



Virginia WILDLIFE

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Game Commission photo by Kesteloo

Trout Country

Impressive is the word for the famous Cascades on Little Stoney Creek in Giles County, Virginia

Virginia WILDLIFE

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COMMONWEALTH OF VIRGINIA

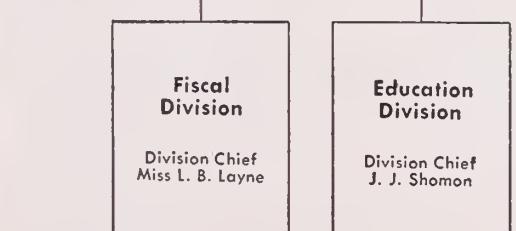
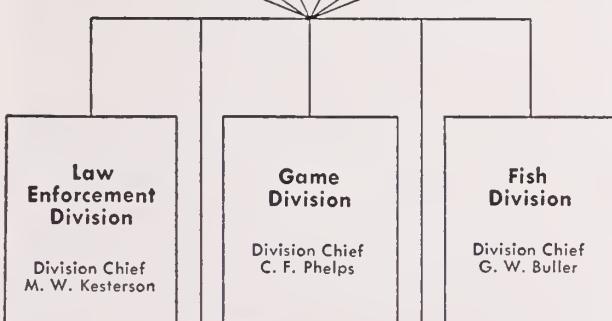
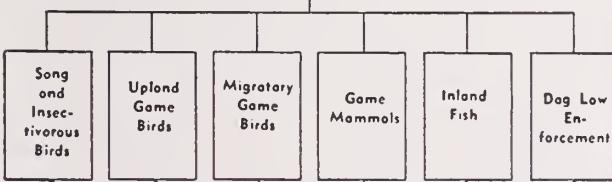


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JULY, 1951

NUMBER 7

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Cover Photo

“Pardon my manners, folks, but I’m getting ready for lunch. We ‘coons have big appetites.”

Photo by Kesteloo

VIRGINIA WILDLIFE gratefully receives for consideration all news items, articles, photographs, sketches and other materials which deal with the use, management and study of Virginia’s interrelated, renewable natural resources:

WILDLIFE

SOILS — CONSERVE — WATER

FORESTS

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EDUCATION'S ROLE IN RESOURCE USE

By PAUL B. SEARS

CONSERVATION of natural resources means the kind of relationship that will insure man's wise and continuing use of those resources. So when we speak of education to further their wise use, we must have a basic yet broad concept of usefulness. To accomplish this, we need to be as clear as we can about education, which in the last analysis is always regarded as the standard bearer of those who wish to better society.

In terms of social structure, education is and always has been an instrument of the existing culture, whatever that may be. Its prime function is to prepare the young to be effective and satisfactory members of the society which underwrites their education. It follows that we cannot be clear about education if we are in doubt about the character of our own society.

Just now we are in danger of being thrown off center, even being put on the moral defensive, by a society which professes to have a more just, more enlightened concept of property in relation to human rights than we. Actually, the phrase "property rights versus human rights" is in itself a trick. Anyone whose knowledge of history goes back to the red-coats of George III knows that the rights of the individual, including his right to own property, have been hard won. If we are to be criticized, it is not for the direction our economic and political history has taken, but because we have failed to push our own type of revolution to its logical conclusion.

It is this great Anglo-Saxon revolution, not the Russo-Marxist one, which is the true wave of the future. The Russian crusade is a backwash of the darkest past, dressed up a bit by a surface flotsam of science and modernity. We even have a more efficient brand of socialism—if you wish to call it that—than the advocates of social ownership can ever envision. We have retained the stimulus of free private enterprise and the antiseptic effects of competition, while government stands ready to take over from 20 to 95 percent of the profits from this activity. Not even Uncle Joe has a cow that gives such milk or gives it half so contentedly!

The only objection is that these funds, designed to be used for the common good, are not always handled with the same effectiveness that would be demanded in a good business organization. This point scarcely needs to be elaborated upon, except to say the remedy is in our own hands.

What we do have then is a social order which, while not perfect, is good, and worth preserving. It is particularly good because we have the right and means to change it as we see fit. It is not static, but dynamic and growing. And because it is built on the idea of respect for property as an element in human dignity we already have most of the legal and moral machinery needed to make conservation effective. Only recently counsel assigned from the Attorney General's office reminded the Ohio Wildlife Commission that control of stream pollution was not nearly so much a matter of new and stringent legislation as of intelligent use of laws already in existence.

Everything considered, if we simply carry on with the idea that education should be an instrument of our society for its own preservation and growth, we ought to do pretty well—provided we are clear about the nature of that society.

Conservation is fundamentally an ethical problem, resting upon faith in the universal operation of scientific laws and upon respect for the importance of the human individual. It is also an aesthetic problem, requiring sound and harmonious design of our activities and the setting in which we can carry on. It is, I believe, quite generally true that an ugly landscape is a diseased one, and that an effective landscape is satisfying to the eye.

But our ethical and aesthetic judgments must be sustained by rigorous intellectual inquiry. There is need at present of a formulation and testing of those principles which govern our relationship to environment. Ecologists know intuitively that great laws of physical science extend their operation into the living community, but continuous and severe scientific testing of this assumption is necessary before we can expect the public to respect ecological principles as they respect laws of physics and chemistry.

Finally, great operational skill and wisdom is required in educating both the public and its servants. The standards of general scientific literacy need to be raised. Adequate science teaching must begin at elementary levels. At higher levels the various sciences need to be even more knit together than they are at present. And professional workers in conservation must have not only a mastery of technique, but broad awareness and perspective.

The ends we have in mind are not to be reached simply by laws and devices—but by men and women who exemplify the principles of conservation.

(Courtesy AMERICAN FORESTS)

For A Healthy Vacation

By LONSDALE J. ROPER, M.D.
Virginia State Health Commissioner



Virginia Conservation Dept. Photo

Vacationers should be aware that a successful summer combines good health and wholesome recreation.

VIRGINIANS ARE fortunate to hail from a state that offers such a wide variety of vacation areas.

An excellent chain of state highways can convey the vacationist to almost any type of scenery, climate, and vacation activity he prefers. Only a few hours drive separates the beach cottage from the mountain resort.

With this wide diversion at the command of every Virginian it is obvious that he can enjoy the benefits of a well-planned vacation right here in his own state, and at a reasonable cost. But, it is equally important to plan a healthy vacation as well as a happy one.

The science of sanitation has infiltrated into the smallest communities but it is impossible to kill every mosquito in Virginia and equally as hard to provide pure water and sewage disposal in remote areas where vacationists are apt to go.

Cabin camps, summer hotels, trailer camps, gas stations, bathing beaches and state, county and township parks are all inspected by sanitation officers. These men check and re-check water supplies, milk supplies, food handling methods, sewage and garbage disposal systems and all the facilities which could be health hazards if uncontrolled.

As this issue goes to press, we regret to announce the sudden and untimely death of Dr. Roper. He died on June 12 in Richmond of coronary thrombosis.—Ed.

But, these measures offer little protection to the "Daniel Boone" who needs more elbow room. When heading for the tall timber to get away from civilization the vacationist must remember one thing—he is not only leaving civilization behind, but he is also leaving the protection offered by civilization behind.

No one will be around to check his water supply. No one will pasteurize his milk. No one will run a sewage line into his camp site. No one will kill the mosquitoes and other insects. All these problems—and others—will be his to conquer.

Over exposure to the sun, over exertion, swimming, boating, poison ivy, and contaminated milk, water and food supplies make up the principal hazards to vacationists in Virginia.

A vacationist who uses pasteurized milk, drinks water approved by the Health Department, stops in approved cabins, camps, or hotels, and eats only in restaurants whose sanitation is approved, has eliminated many of his vacation worries.

In the State and National Parks the safe water supplies are usually designated, but the vacationist who is out in the woods—and on his own—cannot afford to take a chance.

Those clear, sparkling mountain streams and

The black widow spider is a mean customer. Best advice is to avoid these poisonous spiders entirely, and stay out of their favorite haunts.

Photos by
Kesteloo



Top view



Ventral view

springs look inviting. A person just naturally gets thirsty looking at them, but anyone who drinks from them may be flirting with a quick trip to an early grave.

Ten minutes over the campfire will render any water safe for drinking purposes. Boiling will kill all germs.

Food is another problem. Many summer cottages do not have adequate refrigeration facilities. The vacationist should buy only the food that is to be eaten at once, or purchase canned foods that are opened immediately before serving. Do not try to store it.

As for eating in strange places, outbreaks of food poisonings which have occurred in Virginia presented two DON'T'S to remember: 1) Don't eat custards, cream puffs, creamed vegetables or creamed meats. 2) Don't eat left-overs—creamed chicken, hash, et cetera.

Sunburn and Overexposure

Sunburn is always most uncomfortable. Everybody knows that. But, some folks never learn. Every summer it is the same story. They try to get their entire season's coat of tan on the first day.

Take it easy. A coat of tan is healthful but it should be acquired gradually.

Overexposure to the sun can cause sunstroke or heat prostration. Those most likely to suffer sunstroke or heat prostration are oldsters, people with high blood pressure and those who are chronic alcoholics. Ordinarily sunstroke or heat prostration may be prevented by wearing light, loose clothing and a hat, and by avoiding undue exposure or exertion.

Poison Ivy

Poison ivy can usually be avoided if one learns to recognize its three leaves. The poison can be carried in smoke, and on animals. It can be caught from a person who has it.

Upon exposure an immediate scrubbing with soap and water will usually prevent a rash from breaking out. But, if a rash does break out, remember one thing. Don't scratch it. Instead, apply a ten per cent solution of tannic acid in alcohol. Repeat often.

Chiggers

Flowers of sulphur dabbed on stockings and underclothes will help keep chiggers away. But if a person is exposed to chiggers by walking in weeds and shrubbery, he should spread a thick lather of strong soap over his entire body and let it dry for ten minutes before removing it. A salt bath each evening may also prevent chiggers.

Mosquitoes

The mosquito is a bothersome pest. This little varmint can make an "out in the open" vacation, picnic, fishing trip, or outing exceedingly uncomfortable. In fact, he can turn a pleasant, relaxing occasion into a nightmarish experience.

In addition to being bothersome, the mosquito is also an extremely dangerous critter. He is a one-insect wave of destruction. Everybody knows that one brand of mosquito—the kind that stands on its head when resting and biting—spreads malaria from one person to another. Another breed spreads yellow fever in the same fashion. And still others spread dengue and other diseases.

Therefore, the mosquito is to be feared. One

small mosquito bite can do more harm to the human body than a whole swarm of yellow jackets.

There are many mosquito control measures, such as draining and spraying swamp areas, marshes, garbage dumps, etc. But these are community projects to improve the general health. They do not apply to the vacationist as an individual when out in the woods. Out there the vacationist must produce his own control measures.

He cannot screen in his camp site or his fishing boat as he would the windows of his house. But, he can keep the mosquitoes away.

Every corner drug store has a variety of excellent mosquito repellents. In liquid form, these repellents can be applied to the back of the neck, arms, ankles, and other exposed skin areas. The repellent is not harmful to the human skin but it produces an odor that is very disagreeable to the mosquito. It keeps them away.

Snakes

"Snakes are not nearly as great a menace as is commonly supposed. As a rule they are not aggressive by nature and will try to avoid men at all cost," according to the Manual of Tropical Medicine.

However, practically everyone is deathly afraid of snakes. This fear—known scientifically as Herpetophobia—has been present in humans since the garden of Eden. It is a justifiable fear. The very name is synonymous with evil, deceptive, hidden things.

Everyone has his own favorite snake story. Some are true and some are not. No other subject is greater cloaked in legend and fable.

For example, everyone has heard that a rattler will always give a warning rattle before he strikes, and that it must be coiled before a strike is made. Both beliefs are false. A rattlesnake rattles for the same reason that a canary sings, not because he is moved by any sportsmanlike disposition.

As for the striking position, it is usually made from a "U" or "S" position and sometimes from a coiled position. He can get out to a distance of about one-third his body length.

Thankfully, Virginia does not have a large rattlesnake population. They are the exception rather than the rule in the Old Dominion.

But, it is a different story in the Southwest. In some areas they are "thick as flies on a cow's back." Below is an interesting, yet tragic, rattlesnake story that recently appeared in the Texas Health Bulletin:

"A father was playing ball with his two young sons. One boy missed a catch and the ball went

under the house. The other boy squirmed after it. In just a second or two, the waiting players heard his scream and the second boy went to investigate. Immediately he too let out a terrified yell.

"Panic stricken, the father, too big to get under the house, dashed inside and began ripping at the floor over the spot he judged the boys to be. He found them lying in a nest of writhing rattlesnakes. Probably any one of the several bites they had sustained would have been fatal, since young systems have little neutralizing power against the venom."

Texas, too is inhabited by two varieties of the deadly coral snake. Texas school children, to distinguish between this most poisonous of all snakes and the similarly-marked but harmless scarlet king snake, are taught the following rhyme:

"Yellow on black, you're okey Jack;
Black on yellow, you're a bad fellow."

The rhyme, referring to the color bands on the two snakes, alerts the children to the coral's markings—black band, red band, yellow band, black, red, yellow.

Again Virginia is fortunate. Picnickers do not have to worry about running into a coral snake;

(Continued on page 12)

When out fishing or just roaming out-of-doors, a little application of insect repellent will spell the difference between relief and misery.

Photo by Kesteloo





Mr. 'Coon at home in the water.

THE GRAY RACCOON is a fair-haired child of Nature. Avoiding strenuous exercise and the hardships of migration, he waxes fat on a bill of fare that would do credit to our best restaurants. Nature also provides him with housing in the snug hollows of some of the wilderness community's best neighborhoods—the hardwood belts. And matters have been so arranged that his love-life doesn't interfere with his greater passion, eating.

Such celebrated hunters as the wolf and cougar live less luxuriously than the raccoon. Their meals are often won after weary miles on game trails through rugged terrain in winter's severest weather. Although the vegetarian rabbit and deer exert less effort than the raccoon, their diets are plain and monotonous.

But the raccoon, relishing broilers as well as corn-on-the-cob and feeding on the produce of water as well as of soil, can choose from the menus of both meat-eater and vegetarian. He builds up his tissues from flesh, fowl, fish, shellfish, vegetables, nuts, grains, eggs, fruits and honey. Unlike the frugal squirrel, he need not store provender to insure against winter want. The raccoon's system is a pleasured one. He gorges himself to rotundity; then, when winter comes, he curls up in his den; and, nourished by his own fat, snoozes until the weather changes.

It is no fluke that the raccoon lives comfortably. According to tests recorded in the *American Journal of Psychology*, he is among the most intelligent

Nature's *Slickest* Fat Man

By GEORGE HEINOLD
(From *Ford Times*)

(Game Commission photos by Kesteloo)

of animals. He makes clever use of the tactile five fingers on each of his front paws. I have seen captive raccoons climb bare steam pipes, open doors by turning knobs, and prankishly turn off the lights in a room by flicking the switches.

Wild raccoons are no less astute. When raiding henyards, they quickly master ordinary gate and coop latches, drop onto high window sills from trees and fence posts, and push back windows which have been left partly open. A raccoon that entered a Connecticut fishing camp after he had discovered an unlatched window enjoyed new gastronomic adventures among preserves, molasses, sugar, cookies, chocolate, and bottled fruit juices. He quickly learned how to remove jar covers and the corks of bottles.

A neighbor of mine once stored a crate of oranges under the roof of a shed. Each day he found some of the fruit missing. Blaming his losses on pilfering boys, he padlocked the building. But the oranges continued to vanish. The contents of the crate were nearly exhausted before he identified the culprit—a mother raccoon. While her four young remained outside, the mother squeezed through a hole under the shed's floor. Then, delving into the crate, she carried oranges to an opening under the eaves, dropping them to her waiting offspring.

The mainstay of the raccoon's diet is not obtained in direct competition with man. He is a nocturnal prowler; darkness gives this masked marauder fatal advantage over frogs, crayfish, squir-

Prankster, fat boy, gourmand--that's ol' boss raccoon!
To the redbone hound and his master, he's
every ounce a topflight game animal

rels and birds. Even bees are at his mercy when, numbed by the chill of night and unable to see a target for their stingers, they cannot defend their nests and honey caches.

In the summer months the raccoon's principal dish is frog. He ferrets them out from mud and weeds with a curious nonchalance, staring this way and that until it seems that the enterprise is of concern only to his paws. But despite this seeming indifference, his mind is always in touch with his finger tips.

The raccoon uses a different system when he encounters a tasty crayfish: he allows the crayfish to catch him. As soon as one pinches his fingers, the canny 'coon flips it to his jaws. His method of opening clams would arouse the envy of a Rhode Island shellfisherman. The raccoon inserts a finger

Omnivorous in his diet, the raccoon likes to dine on berries as well as frogs and crayfish.



nail between the shells, and in one deft sweep lays bare their contents.

A raccoon's well-known habit of washing food before he eats it has given him a widespread, but partly undeserved, reputation for cleanliness. He washes his frogs and crayfish of mud and grit. With his nails he will clean a fish of its entrails. But much of his other food is eaten unwashed: he softens it in water because his saliva is insufficient for swallowing. When dining on eggs, juicy-ripe fruit, or milk-ear corn, he eats on the spot without benefit of washing.

Food, his main interest, being scarce in winter, the raccoon employs that season for mating. The young, arriving in litters of from three to six, are born in spring. Bringing up the kiddies to the point where they can join in the hunt is the mother's duty. The father at that time doesn't share in family life. But there is every indication that he joins his family in the later summer and early autumn months. I have often seen mother, offspring, and father treed by hounds at that time.

A big redbone hound that I knew met grief when he came upon a raccoon mother and her five young on the bank of a river. Using fang and claw to protect her young, the mother decoyed the hound to the edge of the bank. There, grappling with her adversary, she rolled the dog into the river. The water was some six feet deep and the mother, using a strategy often adopted by her kind, wrapped herself around the hound's neck and held his head under water until he drowned. Many dogs have met the same fate when attempting to fight it out with a raccoon in water.

That sixty-pound dogs are frequently out-slugged by twenty-pound raccoons does not dampen the ardor of those who run hounds, for the wily raccoon, abundant in most states, has all the qualifications of a topflight game animal. He tests the mettle of dogs in chases that may consume the better part of a night. He breaks his scent by running fences and wind-fall trees and by swimming streams. When pressured by pursuit, a raccoon is far from lazy.

Personally, I think he conserves his strength just to give us a hard time.

"A Trial Justice Looks at The Game Law"

By CECIL E. WRIGHT
Trial Justice, Craig County

(Commission staff photos)

AM SURE the general public fails to realize and appreciate the tremendous task that confronts the Commission of Game and Inland Fisheries in its untiring efforts to breed, feed, supply, protect and preserve the wild birds, wild animals and fish in our state. As God is ever at work in His world to bring us the beauty that is round about us, so is the Commission of Game and Inland Fisheries, and all of its employees, ever at work in order that our fields, forests and inland waters will have an abundance of wild birds, wild animals, and fish in them.

Hunting and fishing can truthfully be called big business. While it is true that people do not hunt and fish for profit in our fields, forests and inland waters, they do hunt and fish in a business-like manner with well established plans and equipment. The press, the radio, and the sporting-goods stores with their displays of hunting and fishing clothing and equipment for the hunter and fisherman, have made the public "hunting-and-fishing conscious." Our good highways, forest trails, and automobiles have

brought every section of the state within easy reach of every hunter and fisherman.

Each county has a game warden who is a diligent and conscientious worker. He is the enforcement officer of his county for the game, inland fisheries and dog laws. He is always ready and willing to help in any way he can in connection with hunting, fishing, breeding, feeding, protecting and preserving the wild birds, wild animals and fish in his county. However, he cannot accomplish the desired results unless he has the full assistance and cooperation of every one.

Wildlife groups and hunting and fishing clubs have done much to assist the Commission of Game and Inland Fisheries and the game wardens in bringing to the general public the fact that their assistance and cooperation are needed in the propagation and preservation of our wildlife. The Commission wants to assure the public that such assistance and cooperation are appreciated, requested, and needed in all phases of wildlife activity.

Guardians of Wildlife—all Virginia game wardens at annual school for game law enforcement officers at V.P.I.





Despite vigilant law enforcement in the field, violations of our fish and game laws continue.

The courts are certainly interested in our wildlife, and want to see all laws strictly enforced. Sometimes the game wardens may feel that the courts are too lenient with violators of the hunting and fishing laws. However, the hunting and fishing laws come under the criminal code, and the evidence must be sufficient to show that the defendant is guilty beyond any shadow of a doubt. When a game warden arrests a violator he must make a thorough investigation in order to secure sufficient evidence to convict the violator. The violator cannot be convicted by drawing on the imagination of the court.

Some of the game and inland fisheries laws are hard to thoroughly understand, in that they appear to be in conflict according to the 1950 re-codification. However, I understand that Judge William Snow and other members of the Commission of Game and Inland Fisheries are now studying the laws and regulations in order to clarify those that appear to be in conflict.

Despite ever-increasing efforts in every field of enforcing the hunting and fishing laws, violations continue. There is little to be said that has not already been said. However, there are three fields in which we have failed but which are not often considered. Yet, they have a deep underlying effect on the violators of all laws.

First, we have failed to establish any form of social disrepute for the deliberate and inconsiderate violator. We are too often sorry for him if he is



Trial justices who mete out just penalties to game and fish law violators are aiding conservation.

arrested and readily lend him our sympathy. In many cases the violator is actually receiving "sporting" admiration from other hunters and fishermen.

Second, we have failed to set a proper example to young people and have not exercised the proper supervision over those for whom we are responsible. As adults, it is our duty to observe and respect all laws. We often lose sight of the fact that young people look up to us, no matter how reprehensible our conduct may be, and that they pattern their activities upon ours. Most of us have heard youngsters boast of how their uncle, father, older brother, or neighbor outwitted the game warden by killing deer and catching trout during the closed season.

Third, we fail to do our duty by not reporting all violations that we know about or hear about. We often shirk our responsibilities when called as witnesses or to serve as jurors. We neglect our duty on the premise that "he really is not a bad fellow." We must realize that the deliberate and inconsiderate violator is not a *good* fellow. Good people do not deliberately violate the laws.

I hope that every one who hunts and fishes, and every one who is interested in our wild birds, wild animals, and fish will appoint himself a committee of one to observe all laws and to see that the other fellow does likewise.

Wildlife needs and has the right to expect our wholehearted assistance and cooperation in every way.

FOR A HEALTHY VACATION

(Continued from page 7)

however, anybody out in the open should be on the alert for copperheads and water moccasins. There are plenty of these poisonous snakes in Virginia.

Copperheads have a brownish, or copper-colored head, from which they get their name, and have a musky odor about them. Cotton mouths, of the moccasin family, can be distinguished by a whitish area around their mouths, and the dead white interior of their mouths. Threatened by an intruder, it will gape open to expose its fangs.

It is not necessary to go into a long discussion on how to recognize the different poisonous snakes. Chances are, when bitten, the victim will not even see the snake that bit him, much less be in presence of mind to recognize the type and species of snake.

However, several signs will reveal whether or not the snake was poisonous. The bite will bleed slightly, if venom has been injected, and the wound will hurt with a fiery pain. After a moment or two the site around the wound will swell quickly. The victim will feel nauseated. A rapid pulse and low blood pressure will develop, and a discoloration will start at the wound and spread.

Something must be done—and quickly. The victim, or his companions, must follow a definite line of action.

First, try to remain calm. Excitement will cause increased blood flow, thus transporting the poison through the system faster.

A necktie, belt, or piece of cloth should be placed a few inches above the bitten area and tightened to stop the flow of blood to the heart. The band should be released every 15 minutes for one minute to prevent tissue damage.

Once this tourniquet has been applied a cross should be cut over each fang hole. Don't make the cut over one-fourth inch deep and one-half inch long, or harmful loss of blood may result.

The next step calls for sucking the wound, either with a suction cup, mouth, or an improvised suction cup made from a heated bottle. One works as good as the other. Using either method, continue the suction for twenty minutes out of each hour, or until the victim gets to a doctor.

The above procedures need not be followed if bitten by a non-poisonous snake; however, such a wound should be treated with a suitable antiseptic to prevent infection.

Drowning

Every summer takes its toll of drownings. In fact, two-thirds of all drownings in Virginia occur during the summer months.

Many of the drownings could be avoided. An obvious precaution against drowning is to avoid places where drownings might occur. For example, lakes and rivers not usually used for swimming are the most likely spots, especially if the swimmer is alone.

Other precautions are: Learn to swim. Don't show off. Don't swim in swift water. Don't swim alone. Don't swim after dark. Don't swim on an unguarded beach. Don't swim within two hours after eating a hearty meal. Don't dive into shallow water. Avoid the shock of diving into extremely cold water. And don't continue swimming when you are weary.

Black Widow Spiders

As a rule most spiders are harmless, but there is one to be avoided at all costs—the Black Widow. Its bite, while not often fatal, can produce acute illness. Severe spasm of the muscles may follow its bite. And, as in any other emergency, get medical attention as soon as possible.

Rocky Mountain Spotted Fever

Last year, 101 Virginians contracted Rocky Mountain spotted fever. This disease is spread by a species of ticks. The tick attaches itself to a warmblooded animal — including humans — and sucks the blood of the host.

After a tramp through the woods it is a good idea to check the clothing and skin. A tick can hide anywhere on the body, even in the hair, and remain for several days.

When a tick is attached to the body do not pull it off. Chances are the head will break off under the surface of the skin and cause still greater infection. Cotton saturated with kerosene and applied to the parasite will aid in removal. When necessary, a needle may be inserted beside the tick's head and the tick pried free.

After the tick's removal apply a disinfectant to the wound. It might be a good idea to consult the family physician before beginning a vacation. If Rocky Mountain spotted fever is prevalent in the area where the vacation is to be spent he may advise advanced protection by spotted fever vaccine.

Before leaving on a vacation it is wise to brush up on the basic principles of first aid. In case of emergency it is good to know how to give first aid for poisonous snake or spider bite. Artificial respiration may save the life of a loved one. Be on the alert for ticks, poison ivy, sunburn, mosquitoes, and accidents. Eat and drink only properly safeguarded food. To insure a healthy vacation these are precautions that should be taken.

CONSERVATIONGRAM

Late Wildlife News . . . At A Glance

WILD TURKEYS TO BE TAGGED: I. T. Quinn, Commission executive director, says that plans are under way to tag wild turkeys bagged during the coming hunting season.

The Game Commission at its June 9 meeting in Bath County passed a "proposal" requiring wild turkeys to be tagged and recorded, a plan similar to the one now in effect for deer and bear. The "proposal" is now being advertised and will be voted upon at the next Commission meeting on July 27.

Mr. Quinn said the new regulation, if adopted, will provide invaluable information on kill figures, and will facilitate better turkey management.

QUINN ON PASTURE-IMPROVEMENT COMMITTEE: A closer tie-in with farmers and other landowners is anticipated, with a Commission representative now serving on the recently appointed 60-man Pasture Improvement Committee. Executive director I. T. Quinn, named by Governor Battle to this body, has great hopes that even greater cooperation can now be had between the Game Commission and its habitat improvement program for wildlife, and the landowners. Dr. Walter S. Newman, president of V.P.I. was named chairman of the committee.

INTERNATIONAL TO MEET IN ROCHESTER: The next annual meeting of the International Association of Game, Fish and Conservation Commissioners will be held at Rochester, New York, on September 10-11, 1951.

All Virginia sportsmen who can possibly get away or can arrange their vacation time to take in the conference, are urged to attend.

LAW ENFORCEMENT GETS RADIO HELP: Patrol boats and Commission planes in the Norfolk and Eastern Shore areas are being equipped with two-way radio transmitters. This move is expected to greatly improve game and fish law enforcement in these areas.

LICENSES REQUIRED TO FISH IN TIDAL WATERS: Word has come to the Richmond office that many fishermen are not clear on the regulations governing fishing for game fish in tidal waters.

I. T. Quinn, executive director, says the law on this is very specific. For the benefit of those, then, who may wish further clarification, it is pointed out that "a fishing license is required to fish in all state waters—inland and tidal—where fresh water fish appear."

LEAVE YOUNG WILDLIFE ALONE: About this time of year outdoor lovers begin to run across young fawns, bear cubs, baby raccoons, and the young of other animals, all of which make wonderful pets. In practically all cases, these animals are captured by persons who think they have been lost or left to starve by their parents. Actually, such an occurrence is rare, as in most instances the parent has been frightened away and has left its young only temporarily.

"These animals should be left in the woods where they belong," warns Ned Thornton, assistant chief of the Commission's game division. "It is against the law to do otherwise, and good sportsmen and conservation-minded individuals will leave them there so that they may furnish sport and pleasure to all."

EASTERN SHORE BIRDS WASHED OUT: High tides in late May and early June have played havoc with the nesting birdlife on Virginia's Eastern Shore, according to Game Commission reports reaching the Richmond office.

L. G. Kesteloo, chief of the audio-visual section of the education division, back from a 3-day photographic trip to Northampton and Accomack Counties, said that "unusual high tides this late spring washed out countless bird nests in that area and seriously disturbed the nesting conditions of clapper rails, shorebirds, gulls and terns."

He said that most bird species are re-nesting, but that it is uncertain just how successful this second attempt will be. Fall game bird populations, notably rail, are bound to be seriously affected.

Game Commission wardens Ed Doughty, Milton Doughty, Rufus Charnock and Carroll Cropsper, and Federal warden James S. Williams are keeping a protective eye on the birds and are trusting that nature's fecundity will be strong enough for the birds to raise a second brood.



Winners are taken on a guided tour of the Capitol building in Richmond prior to receiving their grand prizes from the Governor.



Fourth Annual Wildlife Essay Contest grand win
ing presentation ceremonies in the Old Senate chamber



I. T. Quinn, Commission executive director, addresses winners in the Old Senate Chamber of the Capitol before introducing the Chief Executive, Governor Battle. Seated (left to right) are Ira D. Grinnan, president, Virginia Division of the Izaak Walton League of America; T. T. Hamilton, Director of Secondary Education, State Board of Education; Governor Battle.

HIGHLIGHTS OF 4th ANNUAL WILDLIFE ESSAY CONTEST 8 GRAND PRIZE WINNERS COME TO THE CAPITOL, AND RECEIVE PRIZES FROM THE COMMISSION, AND RECEIVE PRIZES FROM THE GOVERNOR

Forty-eight other cash awards were made to high schools throughout the Commonwealth. Commission certificates of merit were also awarded to the winners.



Another tour! Only this time it's a bus tour of the entire capital city of Richmond.



Prize winners pose with Governor Battle following the session in the Chamber of the State Capitol in Richmond.

WILDLIFE ESSAY CONTEST, AS DONE TO RICHMOND, GUESTS OF RECEIVE CASH AWARDS FROM G. BATTLE.

Prize winners were made at the same time in various cities throughout the Commonwealth. Two hundred Commonwealth winners were also awarded for essays of unusual merit.

Paul O. Peters, of the Arlington-Fairfax Chapter of the League, presents three-time winner Dorothy Carwile with a memorial gift—a sapphire ring.



Historic St. John's Church provides interest to winners. It was in this church that Patrick Henry delivered his famous oration: "Give me liberty or give me death."

(Commission photos by Kesteloo)



R. C. O'Hair, national secretary of the Izaak Walton League of America, Chicago, Ill., addresses winners and guests at essay contest luncheon at Hotel Rueger.



Live Bait, Flies, or Plugs?

By FRED M. HUDDLESTUN

Fred M. Huddlestun

FIshermen are divided into two distinct classes—the operative and the speculative. Of these two classes, the operative has the more ancient origin. He is not an ordinary fisherman. Not every person is skilled enough in the arts and sciences, strong enough in mind and body, to become as proficient as the operative fisherman. Once you understand the duties of this type of work you may well know why.

He must have a strong mind, and a body strong enough to stand up under the rigors and hardships of the work. He must have enough strength of mind to enable him to grasp all the intricacies involved in the work. He must have enough skill in the arts and sciences to give him the knowledge of all that is involved. To qualify for all this, he must be active and must possess dauntless courage; be proficient in meteorology, piscatology, and all the other "ologies" necessary in commercial fishing. He must also be able to decipher the cabalistic signs written in the skies and under the seas. An active body, and alert mind, and ability to make a quick decision are the marks of his profession.

On the other hand, the mental and physical requirements of the speculative fisherman are the opposite—"nil." He can be almost anybody. He can be old and feeble, or a callow youth. His life and sustenance do not depend on it. He fishes for the pleasure he gets out of it. His outfit is inexpensive if he so desires it.

Of these two distinctions, the speculatives far outnumber the others. The reason for this is the little effort required, the more fun there is in it, and the desire to get away from it all and have a little peace of mind.

The method and manner of fishing most generally determine the character of the fisherman. The fly fisherman, who usually stands on the bank or in mid-stream to do his casting, may be some-

what esthetic. The person who walks up-stream and whips it at every step is more than likely to be some business executive or a moneyed man. His theory is that it is much better to do the job quickly than to putter around. As a rule he uses a plug and makes up in quality what might be lacking in quantity.

"Pole fishing," as it is commonly known in the South, includes the thinkers, the idealists, the dreamers, and the inactives. No effort is involved and no method is followed. All that is required is an ordinary pole, perhaps cut from a nearby willow, a cheap line, sinker, cork, and hook. Find a quiet spot by a shady pool, with a flat rock or the trunk of a fallen tree to sit on. Place a can of bait on one side of you, and a vial of insect-bite medicine on the other. Whenever a vicious insect bites, simply take a swallow of the medicine and rub the bottle on the bite. It is a panacea.

For the past several years I have been addicted to trout fishing. There is something fascinating about it. I never was very good at it, because it was so difficult to land them—it takes a great deal of skill and patience. I was too anxious! In Virginia, fly fishing is the predominating fashion. A small spinner is sometimes used ahead of the fly, and the color and type of the fly is determined by the weather. Other artificial bait, such as rubber hellgrammies and worms, spotty frogs, wrigglers, plastic minnows, etc., are used with some success. For live bait, minnows, grubs, and worms are used with varying success.

There has been a lot of discussion among fishermen, particularly those living in the Cedar Creek valley, about the proper time to stock this and other streams. The state Commission of Game and Inland Fisheries customarily stocks state waters before the season opens. This has been criticized by many as being too early. These critics contend that planting so early, the stock being unaccustomed to a new environment, will make them a prey to the elements—to high floods and predators. They argue that the fingerling, or even the large rainbow, has led a protected life. It has never had to rustle for its food. Placing it in a wild stream with the attendant hazards is more than the fish can stand. It should have a chance to become accustomed to its surroundings.

Many are washed ashore and killed, and water moccasins destroy hundreds of them. I talked to two boys who lived in the vicinity where I was once fishing, who told of seeing many of these snakes carrying away trout which they had killed. The boys approached the game warden and asked permission to take along a rifle to shoot the snakes. The warden refused the request on the grounds that it was unlawful to carry a gun during the closed season.

However, the water moccasin is not the only menace to these trout. The raccoon is a rank violator—and he is rank in every sense of the word. According to Warden Floyd O. Simmons, the raccoon kills not only to eat, but also for the fun of it. On one opening day Simmons was up on Passage Creek just beyond Edinburg, doing patrol work along the mountain side, and came to a place where the stream divided. At the lower end of this off-shoot was a hole containing 90 dead trout. He and another warden made an examination and found that the trout had been bitten through the head and back. Tracks around the area disclosed the predators to have been an adult coon with one or two cubs.

Coons will go far under water, said Mr. Simmons, for he himself has seen one crawling under two feet of water in order to satisfy its curiosity about some bright object on the opposite side of the stream. Mr. Simmons said that water moccasins and coons are not the only predators; there are many others. And, he added, the Game Commission has made a thorough study as to when to stock fish, and after putting all the arguments together has come to the decision that Spring is the best time to do the stocking.

I would like to call one other matter to the attention of all fishermen. It is this: be careful in climbing over fences and passing through gates. Do not tear the fencing down, and be sure that the gate is not damaged and that it is left securely fastened. Many people are very careless about the property of others. Also, do not walk through a plowed or planted field. Always remember that you are on the farmer's property, and not your own. I might also suggest that the matter of gates and proper passageways be called to the attention of your local county fish and game association, so that by their cooperation with the landowner some remedy may be worked out.

Talking about local organizations, why not join up with your own? We have one here in my own county, and the dues are very low. We meet once a year and throw a nice party. The program consists of talks, music, movies, and a Dutch lunch. Also, *Virginia Wildlife*, a sportsman's magazine published in Richmond by the Commission of Game and Inland Fisheries, should be in every member's mailbox. It is replete with information and is very helpful to the all-around sportsman.

In conclusion, I wish to say that the mountain sections of Virginia have many splendid streams bountifully stocked with rainbow and brook trout. These streams rise near the mountain tops and course their way downward in riffles and waterfalls, with here and there a pool, until they reach their confluence with larger streams. At such points the trout seldom go farther down stream. But below, in the larger concourses, will be found bass in plenteous numbers, as well as many other varieties of the piscatorial fraternity.

Plug man is this Carvin's Cove bass enthusiast. His gear is complex, varied, and as extensive as his zeal for July bronzebacks.

Photo by Shomon





(Photo by Kesteloo)

More water on the land means better farm management, more birdlife.

Birds and Small Fish Ponds

By J. J. MURRAY

NOT LONG AGO a newcomer from Yankee-land, the former associate editor of *Virginia Wildlife*, was expatiating on the beauties of the Valley of Virginia. He could not stir up any argument with me on that theme, for those of us who are fortunate enough to live between the Blue Ridge and the Alleghenies will readily admit that there is no other such country anywhere in America. At the end of the discussion, however, I had to be modest enough to point out that this land of beauty had at least one serious lack—that it could show no natural bodies of water. In this we must suffer in comparison with New England or with Florida or with the glaciated region of the north central states.

To some small degree, this lack is being remedied by the development of artificial recreation lakes and particularly by private farm fish ponds. Hundreds of such small ponds have been constructed on Virginia farms within the past few years. There are said now to be between two and three thousand of them in the state. They improve the view from almost any high point in western Virginia.

The recent development in farm diversification has not only proved of great benefit to the farmer as a source of food, but also of considerable in-

terest to the student of wildlife. The variety of water birds visiting such little ponds is nothing less than astonishing. It consists of herons, occasional geese, ducks, gulls and terns, many species of plovers and sandpipers, and of other and even more unusual birds. The purpose of this article is to indicate some of the happenings on one small pond in Rockbridge County.

Four years ago, in the summer of 1947, an earth and concrete dam was constructed on the farm of the Womeldorf family, one mile northeast of Lexington, Virginia. The dam is curved, with the edge of the concrete center eight inches in width at the top and wider toward the base. The concrete core is banked with rock and earth. Close to an acre of water has been impounded, the source of which is a spring close at hand, and the depth of which runs from 9 feet at the dam to 6 feet in the center and a few inches at the upper edge.

The pond has been stocked and fertilized for fish production. There is little vegetable growth in the water, no bushes or weeds about the edge, and practically no mud flats. The pond is entirely surrounded by pasture, with two or three trees at the upper end, but with no woods within a quarter of a mile. It is located near the center of the activ-

ties of the farm, about 100 yards from barn and out-buildings and 150 yards from the dwelling. The winding Maury River is less than a mile away, and two other small ponds are in sight of waterfowl flying over it, one of them being Cameron's pond, where interesting bird records have been made for many years. The occurrence of so many water birds at such places is an indication of what birds are willing or are forced to do where resting and feeding places are few. The fruitfulness of this particular pond is due in part at least to the fact that the birds can see that there are no hiding places for enemies immediately about the water.

Most bird visitors to such ponds are missed because the places can be visited by bird students only at such infrequent intervals. We are fortunate at this pond in the fact that one of the owners, Mr. Joshua Womeldorf, is also a member of the Virginia Society of Ornithology. Keenly interested, equipped with field guides and glasses, and growing in his

knowledge of birds, he is constantly on the watch and always ready to report anything unusual, particularly if he is in any doubt of the identification. Because of this watchfulness, many interesting birds have been discovered there, including a number of rarities. From this pond seven species have been added to the already rather extensive Rockbridge County list of 250 varieties of birds.

Pied-billed grebes, of course, visit the place regularly. On October 5, 1950, a horned grebe, in winter plumage but still showing a tinge of the summer reddish on the hind neck, spent some time. The pond is not particularly popular with herons, although the great blue visits it occasionally.

Among the most remarkable records from this little pond are those of a lesser snow goose and a blue goose, the first probably a male and the latter probably a female, both in immature plumage. They landed there on November 16, 1948, and were collected by the writer on November 18. Each was in very poor flesh, the snow goose weighing only 4 pounds, 3 ounces, and the blue goose 3 pounds, 14 ounces.

The more common ducks are frequently seen—mallard, baldpate, blue-winged teal, scaup, ring-neck, bufflehead, golden-eye, and others. A female shoveller, a species uncommon in the section, was seen on April 4, 1951. A pair of redheads, so scarce that there are only two previous records for the county, were observed by Robert Paxton on March 19, 1951. A fairly certain identification of our only greater scaup was made on April 4, 1951, by Robert Paxton and the writer. So far as we know, no mergansers have come to the pond.

Killdeers nest on the rocky ledges nearby, and occur in such flocks in migration time as to be a nuisance to bird watchers. One such flock interfered so seriously with our efforts to collect a rare sandpiper that we had to make a second trip before we secured it. Black-bellied plovers have once visited the pond, during a very wet spell, on August 28, 1949. On the same day, with the black-bellied plovers, Robert Paxton got our only record of the ruddy turnstone, an individual in breeding plumage. Snipe are not uncommon, more commonly below the pond on its outlet. Also rather common are greater and lesser yellowlegs, and solitary, spotted, least, and semi-palmated sandpipers.

The Womeldorf pond has been particularly attractive to gulls and terns. It is the only place in Rockbridge County where we have found herring gulls. This species has turned up three times this year, on February 1, March 4, and March 19, 1951,



ABOVE: Waterfowl soon learn to make use of small water areas on the farm.
(National Park Service photo)

BETWEEN: Farm ponds like this one in Buckingham County attract muskrats as well as birds.

(Game Commission photo)

THE

Blue Ridge Parkway

by: Sam P. Weems

(National Park Service photos)

THE BLUE RIDGE PARKWAY is a story teller of mountains and mountaineers. Extending from Shenandoah National Park in Virginia to Great Smoky Mountains National Park in North Carolina and Tennessee, its 467 miles relate scenic volumes about our Southern Highlands. At present 322 miles are available to the vacationing motorist. The Parkway motor road "turns the pages" through alternate views of forested wilderness and "rain fence" farmland.

Parking overlooks, each with a story to tell, scan panoramas of valley lowlands or rolling vistas of plateau. One points out a mountain; another identifies a valley. Several have "leg-stretcher" trails, inviting the visitor to a moment's stroll through vignettes of forest, wild flowers, and bird song. At others, interpretive signs tell of the mountaineer or natural features of special interest.

Recreational areas have a tale or two to spin about the mountains, but they are more concerned with providing a relaxing day of leisure. Here are the places to let time slide by and enjoy a picnic, a mosquito free siesta, or a refreshing hike. Complete picnic and restroom facilities are provided. Several of the areas have gasoline stations and food services.

The Parkway story has no starting point. It may be enjoyed equally well traveling south, or north. For the sake of convenience let's start our trip at Milepost 0 at Rockfish Gap. Today the Gap is a busy mountain crossing for autos of US-250 and trains of the C. & O. Centuries ago buffalo filed through headed for Piedmont pastureland.

Rockfish Valley Parking Overlook is a short distance south. A roadside sign reading "Information" calls attention to an information booth. A Park Ranger there answers questions about dis-

tances, accommodations, and what there is to see and do. He provides a folder to help us enjoy the Parkway Story. It contains maps locating points of interest described in words and pictures. We will see them all.

The northernmost leg of our journey passes through the George Washington National Forest. The terrain is densely wooded and rugged. The motor road rides atop the watershed divide high above the distant lowlands. Shenandoah Valley is on the west; the Piedmont is to the east.

We decide to stop at Humpback Rocks. Here at the parking area is an interpretive sign, identified by a flintlock rifle and powder horn emblem. It tells the story of "Coiner's Dead'nin". The Coiners

More than 300 miles of ever-changing mountain scenery is now open to the vacationing motorist.



VIRGINIA WILDLIFE



were pioneers who settled at Humpback. As was then the custom they girdled a group of trees and planted their crops beneath the "deadened" leafless stand.

The stone fence rambling along the slopes of Humpback was built by slaves of a Piedmont plantation owner to keep his roving stock within bounds.

Continuing south, our distant views are mostly eastward. The Blue Ridge foothills gather into the distance like a green maze. Among the hills is one great dome shaped mountain. Just past Milepost 17 an overlook offers a better view. A sign informs us that the mountain is known as "The Priest." Legend and mystery surround it and its

Pastoral scenes reminiscent of the past can be seen in many places along the winding Parkway.



religious companions: The Cardinal, Friar, and Bald Friar. No one knows the origin of their names.

Now we pass alongside the Big Levels Game Refuge. Responding to year round protection, the furtive deer becomes two long ears of curiosity and peeks at us from behind a tree. Grouse strut sedately by the roadside, heedless of our auto.

Beyond the refuge the landscape becomes open with green pastures. Tye River Gap at VA-56 is named for Allen Tye, a Blue Ridge "pathfinder" who trail-blazed the mountains for the pioneers to follow.

Again the forest provides the view. Oak, birch, hickory and maple throng the turbulent terrain. At US-60 we detour to Buena Vista and then travel south on US-501. Our next starting point heads away from the mighty James River. The Parkway will span it just below the 8-mile gorge it has carved through the Blue Ridge. The elevation at the James is 670 feet, lowest point on the Parkway. For a brief while we pass alongside Battery Creek and white limbed sycamores. But soon the motor road ascends to the crestline and attains an elevation of 3,950 feet on Apple Orchard Mountain. Below is the green spread of Arnolds Valley and far beyond are the westward Alleghenies. Now we are traveling through the Jefferson National Forest. It is practically the same wooded wilderness the Indian knew. Here the black bear and wild turkey still survive.

Through the deep woodlands thrust with spires

Numerous overlooks provide opportunity to enjoy the scenic valleys of the Piedmont and Shenandoah Valley.





For those who like to stretch their legs or hike, there are numerous vistas and trails that lead to still other fascinating sights. Wildlife of many species is a common sight and trout fishing in the tumbling creeks is good.

of hemlock the motor road curves a gradual descent and enters a broad upland valley. On either side rise two free standing mountains: the twin Peaks of Otter. They are the principal features of the Peaks of Otter Recreational Area. Since Revolutionary days vacationers have come to scan the high views from Sharptop, smaller but more prominent of the twins. The area has a gas station and picnic grounds nearby alongside Little Stoney Creek. A trail from the picnic grounds takes us on a five-mile trip over Flattop. Enroute we may see some of the Peak's elk herd. In evening they come into the valley meadows to graze.

The Parkway south of the Peaks stretches over a long finger of the Blue Ridge. Farm filled valleys are on either side. Then the motor road dips into the foothills bordering the Roanoke Valley, and arrives at US-460. A temporary by-pass travels through Roanoke and south 18 miles via US-221. Here the scenes are of upland farms and the roving landscape of the Blue Ridge Plateau. The forests are reduced to woodlots and crown coverings of the knobs. Most of the land is patterned with fields of corn, wheat, potatoes, and cabbage. Some of the fences are of modern post and wire. But many miles are measured by the zigzag rail fence.

At Milepost 154.5 is Smart View Recreational Area. The picnic grounds are in an oak woods, whose understory is wealthy with dogwood, azalea, and redbud. Nearby is Trails Cabin. An interpretive sign tells us that the cabin, though built in 1890, is typical of the first pioneer homes. We will see other such cabins and mountain buildings, preserved by the National Park Service to help the Parkway tell its story of mountains and moun-

tainers.

Rocky Knob is the next recreational area. It is one of the largest and has a gas station and sites for trailers and campers. The picnic grounds are on a gradual hillside. Hemlock, mountainlaurel, and rhododendron keep it evergreen. Near Rocky Knob is a group of housekeeping cabins. They are located at the head of Rock Castle Gorge, a quiet interlude all to itself. There is trout fishing in nearby Rock Castle Creek.

At Mabry Mill is the one-man industrial plant of "Uncle Ed" Mabry. From the early 1900's to 1935, Ed operated water powered grist and saw mills and woodworking machines. He also ran a blacksmith and wheelwright shop. Ed was known as "a feller who could make most anything."

We come to another mountaineer exhibit. Groundhog Hill tells about the various kinds of rail fences. Pucketts Cabin preserves the saga of "Aunt Orelena" Puckett, storied midwife of the Blue Ridge. She brought over a thousand "youngun's" into the world. Of her own 24 children, none lived beyond infancy.

Soon we cross into North Carolina and Cumberland Knob Recreational Area. Its picnic grounds are carpeted with the "patent leather" leaves of galax. A sandwich shop is close by.

Doughton Park at Mileposts 238 - 245, is the Parkway's largest (6,000 acres) recreational area. In addition to picnic, camping, trailer facilities and trout streams, it has a 24-room lodge, coffee shop, and gas station.

South from Doughton Park, mountain-covering pastures fill the view. Herds of Guernsey and Hereford dot the hillsides. At Deep Gap a 4-mile

by-pass leads west on US-421 to an 11-mile stretch of Parkway into Blowing Rock, N. C. Enroute is some of the best mountain farmland to be seen from the motor road.

At Blowing Rock is the Parkway's most recent recreational area, the Moses H. Cone Memorial Park. Twenty-five miles of carriage roads and bridle paths usher horseman and carriage passenger through the scenic region.

After 17 miles on US-221, we come to the last completed Parkway section. In terms of scenery, it is truly climactic. The Blue Ridge culminates in the sky-filling splendor of Grandfather Mountain. Often known as the "Father of Waters" because its streams flow into the Tennessee and Ohio rivers, and the Atlantic Ocean, it is also one of the oldest land masses in America.

A few miles before the motor road leaves the Blue Ridge and crosses to the ponderous Blacks, we arrive at Crabtree Meadows, the Parkway's southernmost recreational area at this time. A gas station stands at the picnic grounds entrance. The area's outstanding feature is a 90-foot waterfall, spuming and plummeting down a sheer rock wall, deep within the forest.

The Black Mountains appear as an immense ridge, crest-covered with a dark green mane of spruce and balsam. Mount Mitchell, its tallest peak at 6,684 feet, is also the highest elevation in eastern America and dominates North Carolina's first State Park.

Beyond the Blacks are the Craggies and their mountainside gardens of purple rhododendron. For 13 miles from Mount Mitchell across the Craggies, the motor road rides at mile high heights, then eases down to NC-694 and the turnoff over Beaucatcher Mountain to Asheville. The Parkway, when

complete, will range over the Pisgahs, the Balsams, and then to the Smokies. It will pass through the Cherokee Indian Reservation and narrate fascinating stories about the tribesmen who contested with the pioneer for the mountains.

BIRDS AND SMALL FISH PONDS

(Continued from page 19)

with two birds on the last date. The call to see and identify one of these came on a busy Sunday morning and was answered only at the expense of most of breakfast. Ring-billed gulls have been common on the same dates, as many as 14 being seen on one occasion. On March 29, 1951, a visit was made by a single Bonaparte's gull, in adult winter plumage. Black terns appear not infrequently. In the pond's very first season, on October 13, 1947, came one of our most important visitors, a male Caspian tern, which was collected. The bird, which landed there after 4 or 5 days of rain and fog, was in poor flesh although not emaciated to the same extent as the two geese referred to.

Ospreys ("fish hawks") occasionally come to the pond to dive for fish, and once a young bald eagle appeared for a brief visit.

We shall watch with interest to see what further records this little pond may turn up for us. We would urge those who are interested in bird study to encourage their farmer friends both to construct similar places, and to make reports when they see anything of interest at their ponds.

Those interested in pond construction on their farms should contact the soil conservationist in their SCS District, or the county agent. These people will gladly advise you what to do to get more valuable water on the land.

My Cardinal

I have a bright red cardinal
That calls on me each day;
He sits upon a swaying branch
And chants his roundelay.
He is so very, very wise,
The things of which he tells
How the trees were God's first temples
The winds were His first bells.
He claims that at these temples
Aged may renew their youth;
Young gather stores of wisdom;
Bespeak eternal truth.

My cardinal is serious,
But then another day
My cardinal is humorous
And this is what he'll say:
"I have a low like little nest

Loosely put together;
A drab and faded little wife
So, I wonder whether,
While she's hatching spotted eggs
If I might wing a spree?"
Then he'll perk his crested head
And wink an eye at me.

My cardinal so likes to chat.
He says the blue jay likes to spat;
That he can't trust Miranda cat.
Then he whistles loud to hold
That the weather will be cold,
Knowledge worth a mint of gold.

Oh! City Fathers, spare that tree
So my bird may visit me.

—Inez Cecelia Rodefer.



Duck Stamp Contest

Virginia's junior Senator and stout-hearted wildlife conservationist, together with Al Day and Representative Clark Thompson, are to be credited for selecting Maynard Reece's drawing of two gadwall ducks as the stamp winner in the 1951-52 Duck Stamp Contest. Reece, famous wildlife artist from Des Moines, was adjudged winner by unanimous choice of the judges.



USFWS photo by Schmidtman

Judges in 1951-52 Duck Stamp Contest. Left to right: Alber M. Day, director, U. S. Fish and Wildlife Service; Hon. A. Willis Robertson, Senator from Virginia; and Hon. Clark W. Thompson, Representative from Texas.

Sportsmen Cooperate with Game Wardens in Catching Fish Dynamiters

A noteworthy incident in law enforcement work occurred in Dinwiddie County during the month of May. Two young sportsmen whose identity will not be disclosed for obvious reasons, aided wardens of the Game Commission in apprehending and obtaining the conviction of three men who were dynamiting fish in the "horseshoe bend" of the Nottoway River.

The two young sportsmen were fishing in the area when they heard the blasting sound of explosives upstream. Shortly after, the water in the area where they were became very muddy. The fishermen moved upstream to investigate and came upon two men in the water with a net, catching dead fish and throwing them to a third man on the bank. When challenged by the fishermen, they denied the explosives.

The two sportsmen took the license number of the violators' pickup truck and informed them that they were going to report them to the warden, whereupon the three men took off in such a hurry that they left a pair of pants containing a wallet, a dynamite cap, and a fuse, on the bank. The wallet identified the owner as a Brunswick County man, so Warden J. W. Rives of Dinwiddie brought Warden O. L. Young of Brunswick into the case. The wardens called State Trooper Grimmeld, who checked the license of the truck and supplied the owner's name. The wardens went to the man's home and found the truck in the yard. Questioning of the owner brought a denial at first, but when shown the evidence found at the scene he broke down and named his accomplices, including an Emporia man.

All three pleaded guilty in court and were fined \$100 and costs each.

Virginia Forest Service has New Exhibit Truck in Operation

The Virginia Forest Service has brought another innovation into the fight against the destructive enemies of the state's timbered areas.

A new exhibit truck is now on the highways of the Old Dominion carrying conservation and fire fighting information to fairs, field days, and other outdoor gatherings throughout the state. During the early part of the year the truck was used for display purposes at various schools in the Commonwealth.

The truck is wired with 110-volt AC current and carries a portable generator. The exhibits within are lighted and several are motorized for action.



Grand Prize Winner Gets Memorial Award

A special surprise was in store for Miss Dorothy Carwile, tenth grade grand prize winner from the Bedford High School, Bedford County, at the luncheon following the presentation ceremonies for the wildlife essay contest winners in Richmond in May.

In addition to receiving a \$50.00 cash award presented by Governor Battle himself in the Old Senate Chamber of the State Capitol, Miss Carwile was presented with a gold sapphire ring for being a third-time winner in the annual contest.

The presentation was made by Paul O. Peters, of the Arlington-Fairfax Chapter of the Izaac Walton League of America. Mr. Peters said that this would be an annual memorial award given by him to the essayist in the wildlife essay contest who proves most deserving.

Shore Bird "Adopts" Richmond Man

Severino Forney of Richmond has a new friend these days who goes by the name of "Buddy." The friend is a bird, a Florida gallinule, and Mr. Forney was a little confused about its identity until game commission officials identified it for him.

The Richmond man found the bird wandering around on Broad Street in a dazed condition early one morning. Apparently it had flown into a building during the night and had landed in the street.

Mr. Forney picked the bird up and has been caring for it ever since. He says that "Buddy" has developed a fondness for beer and cheese since he has had him, which may explain why the bird has made no attempt to leave his human friend, even though he is not restrained in any way, and could fly off whenever he chose to do so.

Severino Forney of Richmond with his waif friend, a Florida gallinule. The species migrates northward from the Sunshine State each spring.

Game Commission photo by Kesteloo



Law Enforcement Head Honored

M. Wheeler Kesterson, Chief of the Law Enforcement Division of the Commission of Game and Inland Fisheries, was signally honored by the field personnel of the Commission on May 17 when he was presented with a beautiful silver coffee service. The citation accompanying the gift stated that the presentation was made for "devotion to the cause of wildlife conservation, and for the high esteem in which the field personnel hold their chief."



Photo by Kesteloo

M. Wheeler Kesterson receiving silver service as Representative Fugate (left) and I. T. Quinn (right) look on.

The presentation took place in the Commission hearing-room in Richmond. Mr. J. B. West, supervising warden of the Tidewater District, introduced Representative Tom Fugate of the Ninth Congressional District, who after a very appropriate and fitting address made the presentation to Mr. Kesterson, his neighbor and very close friend of long standing.

Patrick Sportsmen Meet

Leading sportsmen of Patrick and Henry Counties met at Fairystone State Park on June 1 to hear several game officials and see several educational and entertainment motion pictures on wildlife.

The annual banquet saw an unusual turnout, and much interest was shown in the club's active wildlife restoration program.

President Sears explained the organization's habitat improvement program, and assured the Game Commission of their continued loyal support.

The Patrick club's fine program and congenial fellowship certainly has set a fine pattern for other clubs.



CARP ARE INHIBITING FACTOR AT HOG ISLAND

One fact which may be serviceable to many waterfowl marsh owners in Virginia has already come to light since the acquisition of the Hog Island Marsh in Surry County. Recently a number of top scientists visited the area to advise with Game Commission officials regarding long range programs in developing the area.

At a glance, it was recognized that the foods for waterfowl in many parts of the marsh have simply been destroyed by German carp. Officials of the Fish and Wildlife Service were amazed at the extent of depredation of these rooting fish. In some instances they not only had rooted up the beneficial duck foods, but had worked on the roots of common marsh grasses which carp do not ordinarily attack. Eradicate the carp, these men advised, and the duck foods will immediately come back.

Thus one of the first projects in the development of Hog Island will be the extermination of the carp. There can be little doubt that carp are doing untold damage to many marshes in the state.

MIAMI HOST TO 17th NORTH AMERICAN WILDLIFE CONFERENCE

Miami, Florida, will be the site of the 17th North American Wildlife Conference, which will convene on March 17-19, 1952, under the sponsorship of the Wildlife Management Institute. This is the first time that one of these international meetings has been held in the Southeast.

For the first time, too, the con-

ference meeting will be held in a public auditorium rather than in a hotel. Arrangements have been made to hold the sessions in the Miami Municipal Auditorium on Biscayne Boulevard overlooking scenic Biscayne Bay. Adequate hotel rooms have been guaranteed by the Miami hotels, and all classes of accommodations will be available to registrants.

It is expected that the general program will follow the pattern laid down by previous conferences, with three general sessions devoted to



Nice mess, isn't it?

the major conservation issues and problems and six technical sessions covering important advances in the field of natural resource management. The technical program, as in the past, will be formulated by the Wildlife Society. Dr. Warren W. Chase, president of the Society, has appointed Dr. Joseph P. Lindska, assistant chief, Division of Wildlife Research of the U. S. Fish and Wildlife Service, to represent the society as chairman of the program committee for the technical sessions. The first meeting of the general program committee will be held later this month.

HEAVY DOVE MORTALITY SEEN IN DISEASE OUTBREAK

Although the disease usually does not reach peak proportions until summer, mourning doves already are dying in considerable numbers from the effects of trichomoniasis in Alabama.

Current reports being investigated by personnel of the Alabama Cooperative Wildlife Research Unit and the State Department of Conservation indicate that this year's die-off may be even greater than that which occurred in 1950 when dead doves were found in 43 of the state's 67 counties. It is probable that all counties in the state suffered some loss last year. Scattered deaths also were reported throughout the Southeast, although no outbreaks as severe as those in Alabama were discovered. Whether harvestable stocks can be maintained in some states through a prolonged continuation of the disease seems problematical.

SPEERS TAKES MAINE POSITION

R. T. Speers, associate editor of *Virginia Wildlife* for the past year, left the Game Commission on May 31 to head up the Game Division for the Maine Department of Inland Fisheries and Game.

Ron's resignation was accepted reluctantly by executive director I. T. Quinn, for he was well liked, did a creditable job, and made a host of friends for the Commission.

His bigger opportunities, more pay, and greater responsibilities, however, made the offer "too good to turn down."

FISHING RODEO - Junior Style

May 25 saw the Blue Ridge Game and Fish Association, working with the Roanoke City Recreation Department, play host to several thousand young disciples of Izaak Walton in the first fishing rodeo at Lakewood Park, Roanoke, Va.

Some 5,000 game fish were stocked in Lakewood Lake, and the youngsters had the time of their lives catching them. Pole-fishing equipment was furnished all contestants by the game association. Numerous prizes were awarded for various type of catches, and everyone had an enjoyable day from top club and city officials to 26-month-old Bobby Powell, youngest fisherman.

Game Commission photos by Kesteloo



ABOVE: Scene of Roanoke's first colorful fishing rodeo for kids. Everyone turned out to see the young 'uns have a good time.

BELOW: Larry Laughon, boy scout of Roanoke's troop No. 2, cooks fish for Bobby Giles.



Bitin'? I'll say. Look at my string, says beaming Kenneth Blankenship, with trout and bream. Bass were returned to the water.

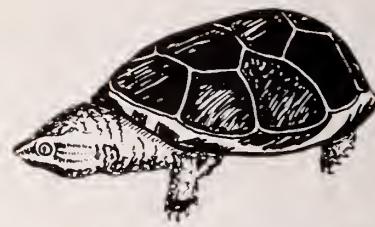
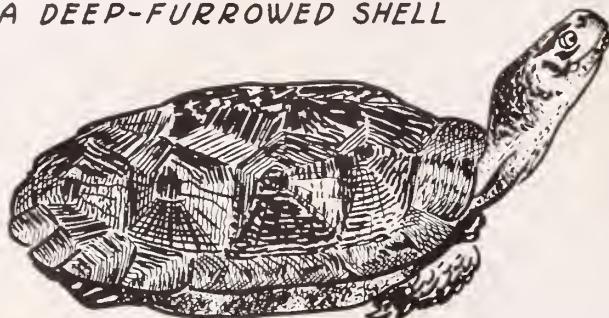


The "no-fishing" sign didn't apply to those 12 and under, who were eligible in the fishing contest.



Prize-winners all. These youngsters will never forget their fishing rodeo day at Lakewood Park.

= WOOD TURTLE =
A MEDIUM-SIZED ANIMAL
WITH REDDISH LEGS AND
A DEEP-FURROWED SHELL

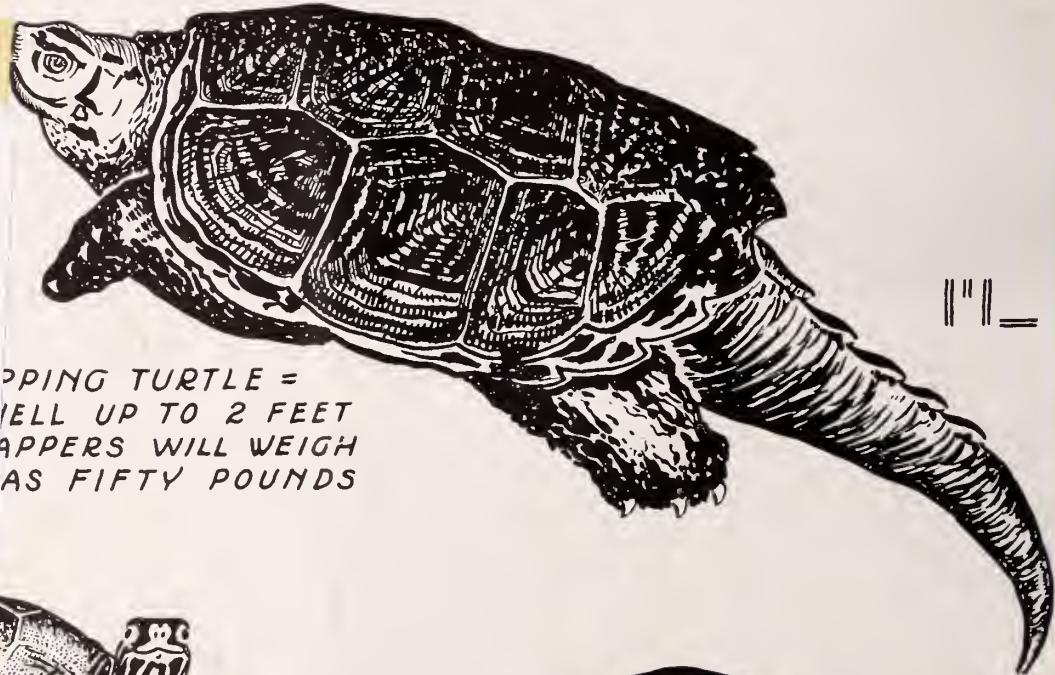


= MUSK TURTLE =
AN OFFENSIVE ODOR USED
FOR PROTECTION GIVES HIM
THE NICKNAME "STINKPOT"

TURTLES



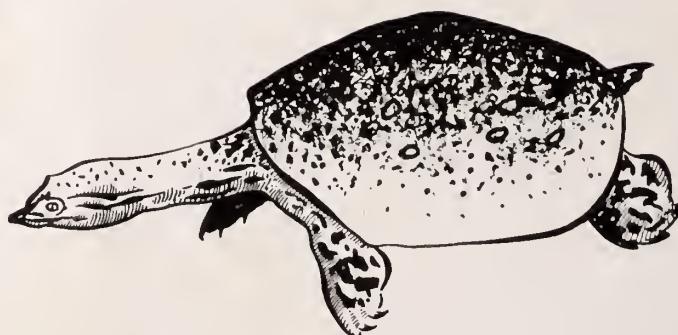
= BOX TURTLE =
A HINGED LOWER SHELL
ENCLOSES HEAD AND LEGS
OF THIS SIX-INCH TURTLE



PPING TURTLE =
REACHES UP TO 2 FEET
ADULTS WILL WEIGH
AS FIFTY POUNDS



= PAINTED TURTLE =
HE IS KNOWN BY SHIELDS
EDGED IN YELLOW AND BY
BRIGHT RED MARKINGS ON
THE MARGIN OF HIS SHELL



= SOFT-SHELLED TURTLE =
A LEATHERY SHELL AND
LONG SNOUT IDENTIFY
THIS VICIOUS TURTLE